

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

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THE BANNER

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HORACE A. KEACH, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE CRUMBLING COT.

BY SAMUEL F. BARNES.

Down in a quiet Alpine vale, a lone and lovely spot,
Beside the mountain's iron base, there stands a crumbling cot;
O'erhung by lofty towering crag, whose summit toward the sky,
Piercing the light fleecy cloud, is lost to human eye.

Long years ago, within that cot, all full of joy and life,
There dwelt a hardy mountaineer and his young trusting wife;
An only child, a bright eyed boy, their only wealth and pride,
Whose loving glance they treasured, more than all the world

The father fled the fatal spot, to him the ill-starr'd plain—
No smile of joy was ever seen to light his face again;
The little cot, forsaken now, fast moulders in decay,
Fit emblem of the living hearts that bled and broke that day.

TIMES GONE BY.

THE times of old—the good old days of frankness and honesty and singleness of heart!—Their memory lingers around us like sunshine upon ruins, or like the incense of flowers whose beauty has been trampled beneath the feet of the spoiler! We fear the glorious days of New England have gone by—that the characteristics of her children have departed—that the luxuries and vices and fashions of strangers, have usurped the beautiful plainness and simplicity—the freedom, the generosity and the bravery of New England. A false and evil spirit has gone over the land, undermining the foundations of her strength, and despoiling her real beauty—lopping away the noble oaks of her forests—the rough-featured and useful products of her

RHODE-ISLAND BANNER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

IN making our bow to the public, in an editorial capacity, we have no dull round of apologetic words to offer in justification of the independent position we shall calmly and frankly assume. We do not intend to advocate the interests of any party or sect, clique or faction, who are trammelled by the conventional formulas of a traditional past; but of that noble band of true men, who believe that "Progress is the Common Law of the Universe."

We shall reverence, but not blindly, the truths of a by-gone time. While we may contribute our humble influence to maintain the great conservative principles the Anglo-Saxon race have conquered, we shall quietly pen our views of modern movements in favor of the "Good Time Coming." We shall not make the opinion of the many the standard by which to try any question in Science, Philosophy, or Religion, but regard "the collective dicta of the highest minds illuminated by the greatest knowledge," as the supreme law for our intellect, and the best rule of "faith and practice."

If cultured minds, now resident in the more refined material sphere above us, shall proffer their thoughts, we shall not be so superstitious as to spurn their presence and refuse to converse with those who are now angels. But the gentle reader will say, "I have no faith in the ability of man to talk with angels in our day." Then let the gentle reader keep shady, and give the sunlight to those who have. If the votaries of authority strive to block up the avenues of communion with the great thinkers of the sphere above us, and would coax or frighten men from the study of the most wonderful and significant phenomena of our century, we shall speak our mind in the premises, "In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong."

To our brethren of the press, we tender our congratulations at their success in the diffusion of information upon the several subjects to which their journals are devoted, and if we do not always coincide with a *main* opinion, we hope that profane

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We do not intend to make the Banner a one idea paper. We shall welcome the best thoughts of the best men upon all subjects. We hope our correspondents will pardon us if we now and then condense their communications. Our limited space will sometimes render such a process indispensable.

When an article commends itself to our approbation by the superior excellence of the style, or subject matter, we shall, if it be not too long, cheerfully concede our columns for its publication, *verbatim et literatim*.

To record the progress of liberal ideas, to protest against intolerance in all its protean shapes, and to extend our cordial sympathy to those heroic men and women, who, in the various reforms are laboring to enlighten the ignorance, chasten the passions and refine the grossness of humanity, these are the objects for which we propose to labor, and in which we invite the co-operation of all whose life-purpose is to maintain the supremacy of Intellect.

HOW SHALL WE "TRY THE SPIRITS?"

There are many who have seen evidences of more than mortal force, and intelligence in modern spiritual developments, who yet refuse to give them much attention, because they believe they are all *evil* spirits. It is very important that we know whether the messages we receive are from a supernal or infernal source. Now while we only "see through a glass darkly," we must trust to general impressions. While we do this we may be sure that we have sometimes "entertained angels." We give below one of the best methods we have heard of for testing the character of our visitors from the realm of Spirit Life. We copy it from a good old book:

"And now, says the angel, understand first of all what belongs to faith. There are two angels with man; one of righteousness, the other of iniquity. And I said unto him, Sir, how shall I know that there are two such angels with man? Hear, says he, and understand. The angel of righteousness is mild, and modest, and gentle and quiet. When, therefore, he gets into thy heart he talks with thee of right-

SELF MADE MEN.

"POVERTY is the nurse of manly energy and Heaven-climbing thoughts, attended by love and faith and hope, around whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin, and what were their early fortunes. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No; such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties, and privation and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants. They know nothing of indifference or satiety. There is not an idle fibre in their frames. They put the vigor of a resolute purpose into every act. The edge of their minds is always kept sharp. In the schools of life, men like these meet the softly-nurtured darlings of prosperity as the vessel of iron meets the vessel of porcelain."

THE natural tendency, with small minds, of dogmatic theology, is to bigotry—a bigotry which tends to put other sects beyond its charities, and differing opinions beyond its toleration. A bigot tries everything by the standard of himself and his opinions. He has no largeness of comprehension, and makes no allowance for circumstances. Shut up within his own tenets, all outside of his fence seem like barbarians and infidels to him. Hence, he can never accord honesty of purpose to such as seek to benefit others by other modes than his own.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Woman possesses rights—*inalienable rights*—which the hand of oppression cannot wrest from her. Although her mental strength and influence has been questioned, she *has* the right to influence her husband, brother, and lover, to walk in the paths of rectitude and virtue. What would man's condition be without the genial influence of maternal admonitions,

main in the shade and die. If every picture of human nature were only pure and beautiful, we are inclined to believe we should have thousands of such characters living and loving around us.—*Woonsocket Patriot*.

THE LAST PENITENT.

These who advocate the final salvation of all, have seldom gone so far as to include the proud archangel among the redeemed. But the writer of the following, with a plenitude of charity wide as his imagination, sees the long eclipsed glory of the "Son of the Morning" emerge from its gloom. The moral is, God loves his enemies and will conquer them all by love. We have only space for the closing lines, beginning at the creation of our earth.

Then an orb of spotless beauty shone upon the spotless void,
As pure as ever poet in his wildest dream enjoyed—
Gleaming in its modest glory like a blushing asteroid.

On its bosom Asia nestled, with its wealth of tropic flowers;
There smiling Eden centered, with its golden-girded hours,
When the weary angels rested in its dewy spangled bowers.

And bright and faithful warders watched that gem of countless price;

Rose Ararat beyond it with its lofty dome of ice,
That the cold north wind had frozen in each curious device.

He saw the bright Euphrates throw its silver waves apart,
Like the rock of Horeb gushing by the prophet's holy art,
Or the poet's lofty rhythm as it ripples from the heart.

Thus in Fate's eternal drama he saw each act rehearse,
Forced to play the fearful tempter by Elohim's awful curse,
While each star and sun and system clove the boundless Universe.

Past the mighty panorama, and his fettered soul was free;

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WE this morning give a report of a lecture at Republican Hall. We shall endeavor to furnish one or more lectures in each number. This will enable the advocates of liberalism to transmit them to their friends, who may not have the privilege of hearing them, thus widening the circle of the lecturer's influence, and animating the inertia of orthodox conservatism.

SPIRITUAL LECTURE.

A respectable, and intellectual looking audience were convened at Republican Hall, last Sunday, to listen to a lecture from Mr. Wheeler, of Norwich.

Mr. W. was entranced and spoke substantially as follows:

It is our object to teach. We seek your good. While gross minds, like the dark clod, selfishly absorb all the light they receive, a good spirit, like the diamond, reflects the light, and flashes it into the minds of others. Of what we present we ask you to accept only that which your reason may approve.

We may name one subject PRACTICALITY. This is an age of utility, and we ask of everything, Will it pay? Nothing stands in the economy of Nature, that cannot demonstrate its utility. We address you as Spiritualists, those to whom the gemmed portals of Heaven have been opened. What effect has this had on your character? It has been said that a man's character may be told by the company he keeps. What, then, may we not expect of those who have angels for their companions? It matters little to us, whether a man call himself a Catholic, Greek, or Protestant,—it matters much of what use he is to us.

It is well to theorize, to speculate, to let imagination go forth and revel in the realm of Philosophy, but it is also well to come down to this work-day world, and ask if we can make the inspired truths that have come to us, practical.

The past has gone to oblivion, and eternity is here. No other eternity will ever unfold to us: it is one ever-present now. Heaven is around us now, and the advanced spirit may enjoy it to-day, as well as in the Spirit-Life. Those who are bright and beautiful there, are bright, and pure, and beautiful by virtue of their own conscious effort to progress. We need to develope

ence, by consciousness,—by the senses of sight and touch. This answers both parts of the question.

A gentleman then asked the following:

Q- Is Clairvoyance a Spiritual development?

Ans. Yes; because it is a spiritual perception. Sometimes it is the interior unfolding of the Spirit; sometimes it is induced by spirits out of the form. Whether a spirit in or out of the body, act to develope a mediumistic person, it is by the same law. The same law operates in all the phases, whether magnetic, psychological or spiritual.

After inquiring if there were no more questions, the Medium closed by saying: If you have fully comprehended us, we shall look for the influence of these truths in your practical life, and to behold their salutary effect will give us joy.

WORDS FOR TO-DAY.

TO MY BROTHERS.

When first we wake to that great thing,

The consciousness of power,

It is not 'mid the gales of Spring,

Nor in the Summer bower;

Stern the voice the truth to tell—

Rugged the hand to guide—

Bitter the struggles of the soul—

By wo is manhood tried.

And well!—oh! well have we been tried,

And well have we endured—

The weary time at last is o'er,

The triumph is insured.

Those who hast seen thy stricken land,

Nor felt thy heart to break;

Remember! oh, remember, thou

Art living for her sake.

Tho' all seem crushed, and bleak, and drear,

The germs are sown, the fruits will